Vpon the hatches thence we lookt toward England,
And cited vp a thousand fearefull times,
During the wars of Yorke and Lancaster:
That had befallen vs, as we pact along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the hatches:
Me thought that Glocester stumbled, and in stumbling,
Stroke me that thought to stay him ouer board,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noise of waters in my eares,
What vgly sights of death within my eies:
Me thought I sawe a thousand fearefull wracks,
Ten thousand men, that fishes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heapes of pearle,
Inestimable stones, vnualued Iewels,
Some lay in dead mens sculs, and in those holes,
Where eies did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in scorne of eies reflecting gems,
Which woed the slimy bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay scattered by.
Brok. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the secrets of the deepe?
Clar. Me thought I had, for still the enuious floud
Kept in my soule, and would not let it foorth,
To seeke the emptie vast and wandering aire,
But smothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this sore agony.
Cla. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest to my soule,
Who past me thought the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman, which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The first that there did greet my stranger soule,
Was my great father in law renowmed Warwicke,
Who cried alowd what scourge for periury.
Can this darke monarchy affoord false Clarence,
And so he vanisht, then came wandring by,

A sha-

A shadow like an angell
Dabled in bloud, and he
Clarence is come, false,
That stabd me in the fie
Seaze on him furies, take
With that me thoughts
Enuirond me about, and
Such hideous cries, that
I trembling, wakt, and
Could not beleeue but th
Such terrible impression
Bro. No marueile my
I promise you, I am affrai
Cla. O Brokenbury I
Which now beare euide
For Edwards sake, and se
I pray thee gentle keepe
My soule is heauy, and I f
Bro. I will my Lo: G
Sorrowe breake seasons
Makes the night morning
Princes haue but their tit
An outward honour, for
And for vnfelt imaginati
They often feele a world
So that betwixt their title
Theres nothing differs b
The m
In Gods name what are y
Execu. I would speake
Bro. Yea, are you so b
2 *Exe.* O sir, it is better
Shew him our commission
Bro. I am in this comm
The noble Duke of Clare
I will not reason what is
Because I wilbe guiltles o
Here are the keies, there

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Huth